

I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,
 Hath made me neere her; and this beauteous Morn
 (The prim'st of all the yeare) presents me with
 A brace of horses, two such Steeds might well
 Be by a paire of Kings backt, in a Field
 That their crownes titles tride: Alas, alas
 Poore Cousen *Palamon*, poore prisoner, thou
 So little dream'st upon my fortune, that
 Thou think'st thy selfe, the happier thing, to be
 So neere *Emilia*, me thou deem'st at *Thebes*,
 And therein wretched, although free; But if
 Thou knew'st my Mistis breathd on me, and that
 I ear'd her language, livde in her eye; O Coz
 What passion would enclose thee.

*Enter Palamon at out of a Bush, with his Shackles: bends
 his fist at Arcite.*

Palamon. Traytor kinsman,
 Thou should'st perceive my passion, if these signes
 Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
 But owner of a Sword: By all othes in one
 I, and the iustice of my love would make thee
 A confest Traytor, o thou most perfidious
 That ever gently lookd the voydes of honour.
 That eu'r bore gentle Token; falsest Cousen
 That ever blood made kin, call'st thou Sir thine?
 Ile prove it in my Shackles, with these hands,
 Void of appointment, that thou ly'st, and art
 A very theefe in love, a Chaffy Lord
 Nor worth the name of villaine: had I a Sword
 And these house clogges away.

Arc. Deere Cousin *Palamon*,

Pal. Cousen *Arcite*, give me language, such
 As thou hast shewd me feate.

Arc. Not finding in
 The circuit of my breast, any grosse stufte
 To forme me like your blazon, holds me to
 This gentleness of answer; tis your passion
 That thus mistakes, the which to you being enemy,
 Cannot to me be kind: honor, and honestie

I cherish, and depend on, how so ever
 You skip them in me, and with the
 Ile maintaine my proceedings; pr
 To shew in generous termes, your
 Your question's with your equall,
 To cleare his owne way, with the s
 Of a true Gentleman.

Pal. That thou durst *Arcite*.

Arc. My Coz, my Coz, you have
 How much I dare, y'ave seene me
 Against th'advice of feare: sure of
 You would not heare me doubted,
 Should breake out, though i'th San

Pal. Sir,

I have seene you move in such a pla
 Might iustifie your manhood, you
 A good knight and a bold; But t
 If any day it rayne: Their valiant t
 Men loose when they encline to tr
 And then they fight like compeld
 Were they not tyde.

Arc. Kinsman, you might as w
 Speake this, and act it in your Glas
 His eare, which now disdaines yo

Pal. Come up to me,
 Quit me of these cold Gyves, give
 Though it be rustie, and the charit
 Of one meale lend me; Come befor
 A good Sword in thy hand, and d
 That *Emily* is thine, I will forgiv
 The trespass thou hast done me, y
 If then thou carry'st, and brave sou
 That have dyde manly, which wil
 Some newes from earth, they shal
 That thou art brave, and noble.

Arc. Be content,
 Againe betake you to your hawthe
 With counsaile of the night, I wil
 With wholesome viands; these is